

CROSSROADS

THE MAGAZINE FALL 1999

Missouri Southern

Moving In All Directions



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Traveling Abroad

Means Looking at Things From Another's Perspective

By Dr. William Bradberry

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Traveling abroad means reorganizing the way we think about things. By going to another's country we must look at things from their point of view. In most cases, this point of view is different from ours.

Due to culture, we tend to have a different point of view or perspective of things than do people from other countries and even from people of our own country who happen to come from different areas. By traveling abroad, we need to start developing a global perspective and this means altering our mindset. It means extending concepts and models from the simple to the complex and from the familiar to the unfamiliar.

We must allow our "norms" to be challenged and change what we think is "appropriate" behavior to include other ways of behaving. While this does not require that we adopt the others' behavior, it does require that we at least accept that maybe they may have the right behavior to fit their culture. One writer stated that things that may be correct on "this side of the mountain" may be improper on "the other side of the mountain" and vice versa.

As North Americans, we tend to have a strong sense of superiority and it shows. We tend to believe that our way is the best way and that other ways are inferior. This is only true from our point of view. From another's point of view, we may be wrong in our behavior. Just try driving on the "other" side of the road in Japan or England or Hong Kong. We will be convinced very quickly that we may be wrong. Even the way we cut and eat our food may be different from those of

other cultures. To go even further, it has been stated in the literature on cross-cultural management that what is one person's pet may be another's meal. Not a pleasant thought, perhaps, but accurate. In many cases we would not care to have as a pet or a meal things that are eaten with relish in some societies.

As Americans we are used to thinking as individuals, and at least partially due to this, behaving in a manner that many other societies regard as selfish and self-centered. To us this is normal behavior, while others regard it as abnormal or even distressing behavior.

In other societies, which tend to be more collectivist, we may act as individuals going our own way without considering others and, in the process, antagonize many. In many areas of the world there is a saying, "The nail that sticks up gets hammered down." Sometimes we call this the "crab mentality" after the behavior of crabs in a basket who will not allow one crab to escape the cooking pot by their actions in pulling that crab back into the basket. Can you be more group-oriented than that?

Things that tend to improve your relationship with individuals from another society tend to improve your experience in travel as well. The ability to show respect and a good reputation among others as a culturally sensitive individual are valuable assets to the student who goes abroad. Sensitivity to others is itself a valuable skill that any traveler should possess. North Americans are many times called insensitive due to our preoccupation with ourselves. Is this correct? Does it not depend on which side of the "mountain" you are on?

When traveling and visiting other countries, we should at least attempt to see and enjoy the things that make that other country unique. The food, historical spots, and even things that are regarded as "tourist" attractions are usually worthwhile. At least try the food even if you do not think you will enjoy it.

You may be in for a pleasant surprise. If you don't like it, then don't eat it the next time. A lot of what we enjoy is enhanced by the expectation of enjoying it and a self-fulfilling prophecy is attained. So expect to enjoy yourself and in many cases your expectations will be realized.

We will see and experience things we may not like. Many conveniences we are used to expecting may not exist in the other country. This may include hot water for a bath, good laundry service, people who communicate in our language, and a hundred other things that we may wish to have. This may extend to smells and tastes and the sight of a beggar that makes us uncomfortable. On the other hand, for each thing that is different there is an equal opportunity to enjoy a new experience if we just let it happen. A hot dish may, in fact, taste even better cold. The unusual sauce may be delicious. The strange smell may, in fact, be the signal for a great experience in dining. The same things hold true for hotel rooms that may not have central heating and hotels without elevators. There is usually a compensation for each loss of something we may have thought essential. One thing you can be sure of is that the other culture is different in many ways. Those are the things that you can, if you will, enjoy.

Happy Travels!

Dr. Bradberry has lived in Taiwan for eight years, Japan for seven years, Guam for seven years, and the Philippines for 10 years, and he also spent one year in Hong Kong. In the U.S., he has lived in such varied cultures as that of New Orleans and Dallas, which he considers as different as those of the various Asian countries. His experiences have been mostly in business, but include more than 10 years in academia in overseas areas. According to Dr. Bradberry, all this has given him a healthy respect for the various U.S. and overseas cultures and the people who live in them.

My Summer Vacation Was mURDER

In June, junior English major Barbie Cope, along with one other Missouri Southern student, Mary Bible, attended class at Christ Church on the Oxford University campus in Oxford, England.

By Barbie Cope

The black door, tight against the honey-colored Coswold stone wall, was rounded at the top, had knobs and a barred window, and bore the words "Old Library."

The brass knocker, dark from centuries of handling, turned to allow entrance to the spiral staircase leading upward. Grasping the wrought iron railing, winding to the second floor, I ascended to room 5 — the room of murder.

It was a small room, partly filled with the tutor's twin bed and wardrobe and partly dotted with a couch, a chair, a desk, a sprinkling of folding chairs, and a window seat; all that was needed for thirteen people to quietly share the murders we each had become a part of — the murders of Oxford.

Next to the room stood the prestigious Great Hall where I ate each meal under

its vaulted roof and stunning spires and in the presence of portraits of notable men who had been at Christ Church, men like John Locke, William Penn, John Wesley, King Henry VIII, and Charles Dodgson, men whose piercing eyes reminded me daily of the potential we each hold to do great things. But instead of studying Winston Churchill, the Myths and Legends of the British Isles, or the Roman Empire: History and Archaeology as I'm sure the intellectuals of the Hall must have studied, I spent my three weeks at Oxford University looking at the detecting methods of G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown, Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, and Colin Dexter's Inspector Morse.

I learned the rules for writers wishing to become a member of the Detection Club, saw patterns of crime-solving between writers, learned the tricks writers use to make obvious clues obscure, read newspaper clippings of original murders that prompted murder mystery books, and



Left:
Barbie Cope,
center, enjoys a
lunch with fellow
classmates Katie
Myers (left) and
Katie Dementis at
the Trout Pub.

Below:
Cope's professor
Chris Sykes speaks
during a walk in the
hills above Oxford.

came to understand and appreciate the passion people have for this genre of literature.

My class spent one day outside of the classroom, roaming the streets and churches of Oxford, seeing first-hand the streets where fictional chase scenes from Edmund Crispin's *The Moving Toy Shop* and Ian Marson's *Falconer's Crusade* took place.

We visited the kitchen of St. Barnabas' Church, the scene for the murders of both Sir Paul Berowne and Harry Mack in P.D. James' *A Taste for Death*; and the plain chapel of St. Cross Holywell where Dorothy L. Sayers' characters Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane were finally united in marriage.

We wandered through the snagging brambles, tangling grasses, and stinging nettles of the Holywell Cemetery, through a maze of Celtic crosses and concrete tombs, among twisted, overgrown trees and sunken graves to read the weather worn markers of half-remembered English poets and writers. And then we ate lunch at the Trout Pub, a rock establishment edging the Thames river, complete with strutting peacocks, delicious scallops, ...and ice!

Not all of my learning came from my murder class. The Oxford Summer Session included about ninety people from the United States and England. Most members of our group were retired people who had traveled extensively across the world.





Tom Tower, the entrance to Christ Church where Cope took classes, stands high above the University.

While we visited together through meals and throughout the day, I learned more about not only the English culture and a world I've never seen but also about the United States itself. As I shared stories from my small town and watched the reactions of those from large cities, I realized I still live in a secure world, one that is long gone for most people.

As I listened to the experiences and frustrations of the English people, I appreciated more the freedoms and progression of my own country. And as I viewed the variety of lifestyles and personalities among us, I became more confident and comfortable in my own. Most of my learning was about me.

Although Christ Church provided excursions to area points of interest through the weekend, Mary Bible, the other MSSC student in the Oxford program, and I spent

As I listened to the experiences and frustrations of the English people, I appreciated more the freedoms and progression of my own country.

our weekends in Paris and London.

These trips introduced me to the world of art (eight hours in the Louvre, and two in the Musee d'Orsay), to architecture (Notre Dame, Westminster

Abbey, the Arc de Triomphe, Eiffel Tower), and to the ways of public transportation!

Last November when I received the letter from MSSC inviting me to apply for the Oxford/Cambridge summer program, I never dreamed I'd really go. And when I received my letter of acceptance into the program, I saw the opportunity as a chance of a lifetime, which it was. I can not put into words all that I saw and experienced. Studying in England is a fun and rewarding way to spend your summer, and, I promise you will bring back lots more than pictures and a grade. ○

Palmer poses with members of her English kindergarten class.



Before the 1999 Spring semester was over, several education majors, including Jennifer Palmer, were finishing their student teaching in Hampton, England. They officially graduated from Missouri Southern overseas.

Trip makes teacher's dreams come true

By Jennifer Palmer

There have only been a few things for which I have always yearned. I have wanted to somehow make the world a brighter place by touching the lives of children. I have wanted to travel and see all the places that I had read about as a child. I wanted to prove that I could do whatever I set my mind on, no matter what obstacles might stand in my way.

This past spring, five fellow classmates and I, along with Dr. Dan Overdeer, were given the opportunity to travel to Southampton, England to complete the final leg of our teacher education training. After the arduous trip over, we were flung headfirst into the English culture. Well, OK, so the culture shock wasn't of Titanic proportions. After all, there was a McDonald's right down the street (which, by the way, did serve tea).

We lived for five weeks in university housing in the center of Southampton. It was typical dorm life with loud music, little privacy, lots of parties. But despite the minor inconveniences and distractions, it was a great place to be. I met some fascinating people from all over the world, as well as some Green Bay-loving Englishmen who taught me more than I ever needed to know about rugby.

It wasn't all fun and laughs, though. No, it was writing lesson plans and coming up with fabulously innovative ideas for phonics activities that occupied my time. It was my dream of teaching

that brought me to England. It was my determination to finally graduate and secure that ever-elusive "real job" that kept me going when sixty screaming five-year-olds threatened to turn me into a raving lunatic.

My respite, the balm that healed my wary mind throughout the experience, was the country. I had always wanted to travel and England was one of the top places on my list. It had been my dream to stand at the foot of the graves of Tennyson and Shakespeare, to gaze up at Big Ben while the bells of Westminster Abbey rang clear and pure, to walk in the hauntingly quiet shadow of Stonehenge.

To experience thousands of years of history that before had been merely stories in books was thrilling, to say the least. And that was just England. There was also Scotland, with its quaint little bed and breakfast on the beach and its majestic castles and mountains. And there was Paris, the ultimate dream-come-true for me. What could be more storybook than strolling down the Champs de Elysees on a beautiful spring afternoon, the Eiffel Tower glimmering in the distance?

It was when I stood at the top of that tower, surveying the beauty all around me that I knew I was truly in a magical place. I only spent six weeks abroad, but it was the best six weeks of my life. In that time, I graduated from college, I traveled to places I had before only dreamed of visiting, and I came home with the knowledge that I could do anything I set my mind to.

I guess dreams really do come true. ○



The Grand Palace
at the City of Brussels Museum

Getting Down to Business

*in some of Europe's
most beautiful cities.*

From May 31 to July 6, 15 Missouri Southern students, including sophomore business major Kim Olson, traveled to Sweden to study several different businesses. After Sweden, the group toured several other European countries.

By Kim Olson

Taking pictures on top of the Eiffel Tower, rock climbing on the beaches of Bohus Malmos, and walking down the crowded streets of Brussels are some of the many experiences that I never dreamed I would ever experience. It felt like a dream from the moment that I stepped onto the airplane in Kansas City, and now that it is over and I have adjusted to my normal way of life, I would give anything to go back.

The business department sponsored the group of fifteen students that I was with. Throughout the course of our trip we met with several businesses including: Erickson who manufactures cellular telephones, Otis an elevator manufacturing company, Ford France, Husquavarna who manufacture outdoor equipment, and Tetra Laval the leading

manufacturer of liquid packaging equipment, just to name a few. In all, we visited fifteen companies in five different countries including: France, Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

Besides the business aspect of our trip we also were able to experience the difference in culture from city to city and the United States. Some of the major differences that we noticed in all the countries that we visited most local people instead of owning their own transportation, would take public transportation or walk to their destinations.

We also took note that the working class of people in Paris held the majority of power and when they decided to strike, there was no easy way for the French government to end it and tourists like us suffered the most.

Mixing with the residents and sightseeing were definitely the best parts of the trip. For example, in Sweden once we were settled

*Photos
provided by
Kim Olson
& Dr. Brad
Kleindl*

Right:
The students who
attended the Sweden trip
pose for a picture at the
Little Mermaid in
Copenhagen, Denmark.
Olson is located fourth from
the left in the back row.



at the college in Mullsjo, we were allowed to wander freely, which basically meant that we could either wander around the town or we could take the train into Jonkoping to shop and eat.

We all made a friend or two throughout the course of the trip with whom we still keep in touch. As for the sightseeing part of the trip, it is hard to pick a favorite spot. The palace of Versailles in Paris was probably my favorite tourist spot; however, if I had the chance to go back to one of the countries that we visited I would probably choose Belgium. Brussels is so beautiful and full of history, which you can see around every corner and down every street. Even though we only got to spend a short time there, many of us on the trip fell in love with that city.

It is so hard to put into words the experiences that I have gained from this wonderful once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I am also sure that I have not come to fully understand all of those experiences either; however, I am sure that I will come to understand and incorporate them into everything that I will do.

I really doubt that had I gone to another school I would have had even the opportunity to take part in a study abroad program. Therefore I would like to thank the administration, faculty, and grant board for all their hard work and dedication to make the mission at Missouri Southern a global one. ○



This ariel view of the Trocadero was taken during a tour of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, France.



Summer IN Madrid

From May 27 to June 7, 1999, Kimberly Garcia, junior international business major, accompanied 10 other Missouri Southern students to Madrid, Spain, to study local businesses and to experience differences in the way business is conducted in other countries and cultures.

By Kimberly Garcia

Traveling has always been one of my favorite ways to learn about the world. My parents thought of traveling as an educational tool that was far better than anything in the classroom. When I was 7, we began by driving to Florida. Since then, we traveled to 39 states and to Canada twice. When I was in high school, I had the opportunity to go on two school trips to Europe and to a mission trip to Mexico. My international experience was broadening. While in college, I spent a semester in Canterbury, England. The summer after, I got married and I thought my traveling days were over, at least for a while until I was out of college. So, instead of traveling, I devoted to learn another language, Spanish.

In November of 1998, my first semester at

Missouri Southern, Mr. Terry Marion, my adviser, told me about a 10-day trip to Spain with the school of business. He thought it would be ideal for me, now being fluent in Spanish, with so much traveling experience, and an international business major.

I wanted to go, but I knew that finances were not going to be available with so many payments and now with a year-and-a-half old son. I told him that I would probably not be able to go. In January of this year, he called me back and told me that the school received some grants and that they would be able to pay for some of the trip. I was very excited.

On May 27, we set off for Spain. It was a long trip, but it was worth it. We stayed at a hostel in the heart of Madrid. It was clean and cheap, which was good enough for me. We were walking distance from almost anything of importance in Madrid.



*Photos
provided by
Dave Smith*

Left: The students spent a majority of their time in Madrid. This is the city's Plaza Mayor.

Being one of the few who could speak Spanish, I served as a translator through much of the trip. I enjoyed the opportunity to talk to the Spanish people.

We visited several international businesses in Spain; a few included Citibank, Kommerling, and the Lucent Technologies commercial American Embassy. The most educational presentation of all was at Citibank. They were the only ones who told us about the international standpoint of all the businesses. The rest of the businesses demonstrated the manufacturing side of the business, which was not of much help. We also visited a community outside of Madrid called Alcobendas, which works together as a business. This community gave me a clear picture of the socialistic society that is in Spain.

We traveled a little and got to see more of Spain. I met some Spanish people and they took a couple of us to some of the not-so-tourist spots of Madrid. We saw that Planet Hollywood and Hard Rock Cafe are not the only important spots of a city.

Several of the people in our group had some rather unfortunate incidents, though. The first Saturday that we were there, we were all on our way to some nearby towns when two people in our group were mugged. Our traveling plans for the rest of the trip were dampened, to say the least. This, along with some social ways of the Spanish, gave several people a bad impression of Madrid and of Spain as a whole.

I personally enjoyed the trip very much and learned a lot about Spanish culture, Spanish business, and more of my own culture and our business practices here compared to theirs. I also learned that international business is definitely the major for me. ○



The students visited this small chapel in Madrid.



From late May to late June, senior Spanish major Lisa St. Ledger and junior international studies major Wade Early were among several Missouri Southern students who traveled to Puebla, Mexico to study the Spanish language and Mexican culture.

Trip changes views, improves skills

By Lisa St. Ledger

My participation in the 1999 trip to Mexico was an experience of a lifetime, and will influence my perception of the United States, Latin America, and the entire world for the rest of my life.

Has this trip improved my Spanish skills? Undoubtedly. I found that trying to communicate in another language is both fascinating and terrifying at the same time, and that there is a certain satisfaction in succeeding in surmounting the language barrier — or frustration if you don't. Furthermore, I began to understand more intimately the close relationship between language and culture, both in Mexico and in the United States.

Meeting new people was one of my favorite parts of the trip. Through my host family, I was able to better experience life as they live it; be it food, religion, dating, marriage, family, or whatever.

I went to a Bible study with my sisters, to the movies (even a Spanish one), accompanied them shopping, sampled the nightlife, and helped with the laundry.

I think that in the three weeks' time I learned more about everyday life and language than I did in the three years of Spanish in high school and three semesters at Southern. I also discovered how colorful the culture and history of Mexico and Latin America in general is through the civilization class I took through

BUAP. Dr. Percino, our professor, was a wonderfully patient teacher, but more importantly was extremely perceptive.

He was able to paint a vivid picture of history for us without ever using a word of English, and make us aware of the

similarities, differences, and problems between the political, economic, and cultural development of the United States and Latin America.

Another good part of the trip was the weekend excursions and the ten days we had on our own in Guanajuato and Mexico City.

Though at times it was difficult to get up early, the trips to the various archaeological sites,

Through my host family I was able to better experience life as they live it; be it food, religion, dating, marriage, family, or whatever.

museums, cathedrals, and especially the overnight stay in Cuetzalan and the Ballet Folklórico, were well worth it. These places are a living testament to the riches of the various cultures that exist together and the long history of Mexico.

I had seen pictures of these places in social studies books since grade school, and it was a thrill for me to actually go and see them with my own eyes. Not only that, but each time we went somewhere, we had a chance to practice our language skills and discover just how well we could bargain!

My experiences in Mexico have kindled a desire in me to teach others what I have learned, and I hope in some way I can pass on what I know of Mexico and maybe return south of the Rio Bravo someday. ○



Left to Right: Mary Catherine Boots, Sarah Southerland, Lisa St. Ledger, Adrian James, and Emily Petty pose at the ruins.



Wade Early, junior international studies major, climbs the pole used in a ceremony by the Voladores de papantla, who think the world may end every 52 years.

Cultural differences give Early new perspective

By Wade Early

The ability to spend an entire month in Mexico living with a Mexican family is the opportunity of a lifetime. Just being immersed into a foreign language forces you to learn and practice Spanish twenty-four hours a day. Students are forced to use their language skills in order to function in a country very different from their own. It is a great learning experience. The families were all very nice and understanding, even during the times when they couldn't understand what their guests were trying to tell them. There is no better way, however, to learn a foreign language than to have it spoken all around you every day.

The learning experience was not confined to the language for me. The country of Mexico is very different from the United States. Their political and social structures have great differences from ours. They live under a government which is corrupt and even though they have the ability to vote in their "Democracy," the PRI party actually control who wins the elections, and the police are no real authority. They don't get paid well and therefore any decent bribe is readily accepted to supplement their



Left: At the open marketplace in Puebla, one can buy everything from flowers to turkeys.

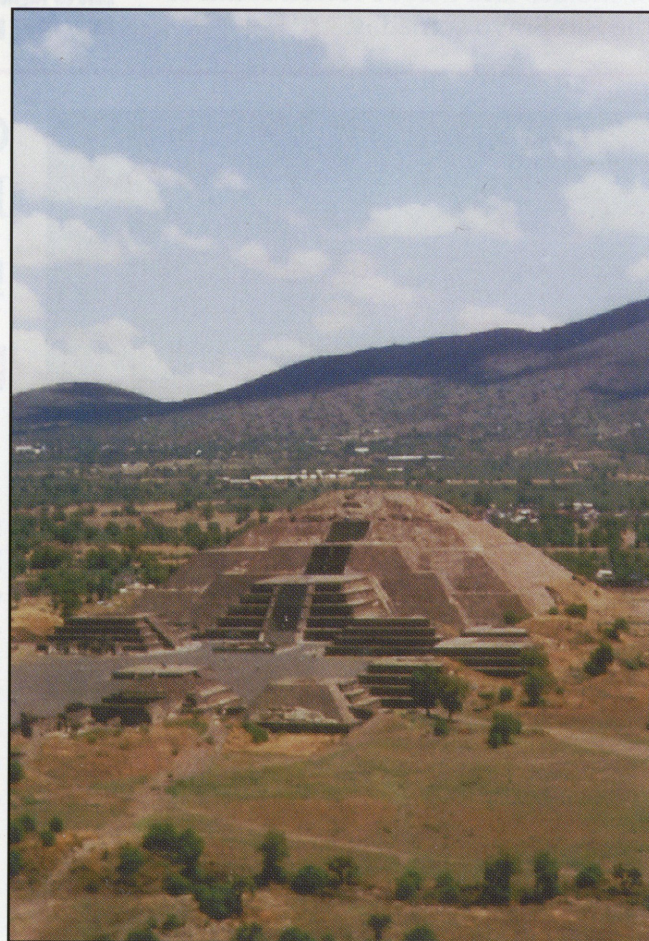
Below:
This view of The Pyramid of the Moon was taken from atop the Pyramid of the Sun at the Myan ruins in Teotihuacan, near Mexico City.

incomes. The neighborhoods have to pay for their own security to assure loyalty and avoid corruption. Fear of robbery has every house in Mexico protected by tall concrete fences, barbed wire, and broken bottles on the roof.

If a visitor to Mexico just stayed in a hotel and took a taxi around the city, they would see these things and think Mexico was a horrible place. This assumption couldn't be any farther from the truth. Inside these well-protected structures are found very beautiful open patios and some of the nicest people I've ever met. The thing I loved most about every Poblano I met was they always had time to ask how you were and how your day was going. You even have to say hello with a kiss on the cheek to every female you meet, even if you have never met them and probably won't ever see them again. I also spent an afternoon in a very poor section of Puebla.

The houses were made of what material they could find laying around and were no larger than my living room. It was here I found the most cordial Mexican population. Unlike the wealthier sections of the city, there were soccer and basketball games going on, and kids were running and playing, and everyone had a smile on their face.

Stopping by a little store where tortillas were being made, my (Mexican) father found himself in a half-hour conversation with the worker of the store. The neighborhood may have been poor in their standard of living, but not in spirit. In the United States any one living in these



conditions would be less than pleasant. A main idea I brought back from Puebla was that money, power, and industrialization does not necessarily mean happiness. America has gotten so preoccupied with big business that they don't have time to ask how you are doing. We are too busy to be



Early's "brother" surveys a Volkswagen taxi, which was struck by concrete from a light pole during an earthquake in downtown Puebla.

friendly. You can drive through Mexico and see the fenced houses and the dirty and poorer neighborhoods, but until you have seen the smiling faces of the people living in the one-room houses and had a conversation with the woman making tortillas, you haven't seen the beauty of Mexico. It is a beautiful country on the inside.

During the trip we visited many pyramids and churches. The classroom experience was very interesting since our professor did not speak English. We had to learn. The Mexican Civilization class was good to take because it gave us a background in what we were seeing not only in the churches, and museums, but also in society and the way people were.

It helped explain the government and political standing of Mexico. The best experiences were with the families. The meals together, learning what they ate and how it was prepared was enjoyable. My "father" was very good to explain what I was seeing on the streets, in the market, or just walking down the street. The journey to

Quetzalan, Guanajuato, and Mexico City helped us to understand that every city is not just like Puebla. Located in different regions with different histories, these cities were all very different and beautiful in their own way. The Conferences also helped give insight into Puebla and Mexico.

I cannot explain what it was like to see the people running and crying in the streets. All of a sudden it was like everyone was connected by a common bond. An energy ran through everyone in the streets

Of all of these things, I would have to say that the highlight was being downtown with my brother at the time of the earthquake. I'd always wondered how I would react in at the time of a natural disaster. To be in another country, in the downtown area was an unbelievable experience. I cannot explain what it was like to see the people

running and crying in the streets. All of a sudden it was like everyone was connected by a common bond. An energy ran through everyone in the streets. Everyone was worried about the well-being of others. It was definitely the most memorable part of my unforgettable experience in Puebla. ○

Fighting Time

in
**Dublin, Oslo,
Copenhagen,
& Stockholm**



In late May, several Missouri Southern art students, including senior art major Arik Gilbert, left for a six-week excursion through Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

Gilbert races the sightseeing clock

By Arik Gilbert

When I first heard about the opportunity to study in Sweden with the Missouri Southern art department, I had no idea how much it would make me appreciate both my own culture and others.

You can read and look at pictures but there is nothing quite like actually experiencing it for yourself. There is really no way to really prepare for all the differences you experience. From dealing with airport to the language barrier, there are countless obstacles to overcome but they are all part of experiencing another country.

It's amazing how fast you have to adjust to the rigors of traveling day after day. On one hand, I was really excited to be going to a new place. But on the other hand, you have all the bumps and curves to get there. They say getting there is half the fun, but in the case of international flights that saying loses its charm real quick.

The first weekend of the trip was by far the most



Arik Gilbert

strenuous. A three-hour ride to Kansas City, a wait of two or three hours, a two-hour plane ride to Cincinnati, another lay-over, then the fly over to Brussels. After eight hours in a plane we waited to catch our plane to Dublin. It is hard to explain how exhausting the first day was, but everything in your body is fatigued. All of your senses are assaulted at once and the only way to reset your clock is to sleep. It's irritating, but you have to do it.

By far, one of the most important things I had to do was prioritize my time to make the most of the cities we visited. We would normally have a list of important things to see in each city. This list would include important art museums, exhibits, and city sights. After we had gone through this list we were free to explore the cities on our own. It is important to remember that we usually got only a weekend to see all we wanted to see. During our entire trip we visited Dublin, Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm. With a new city every weekend I thought it would be impossible to see everything I wanted to see.



Thankfully though, the cities in Europe are considerably smaller and allow for easy exploring. I made use of any public transportation available. Commonly, the cities would offer a two- or three-day card to allow you on any bus or subway. These cards quickly became my new best friend. They allowed me to go anywhere and not worry about how much it was going to cost to get back to home base. In almost every city I personally got completely lost. Asking for directions in a foreign country always proved to be an interesting adventure. "Down two blocks, take a left, and follow the tracks" always seemed to be the way to get anywhere in Europe.

Traveling in this group proved to be a learning and rewarding experience. It is stressful enough traveling by yourself but when you are in a group of twelve it gets more interesting. I learned a lot about human nature by being stuck in a small bus half of the time with my fellow classmates. So, I got to know everybody I was traveling with pretty well. On top of that, I met so many people over in Sweden that the value of all these friendships made was well worth the cost of the trip. I know that I made many friendships that will continue on for a long time to come. I wouldn't trade in what I experienced for the world. Even if my airport gate is down two blocks, around the corner, and just along the tracks. ○

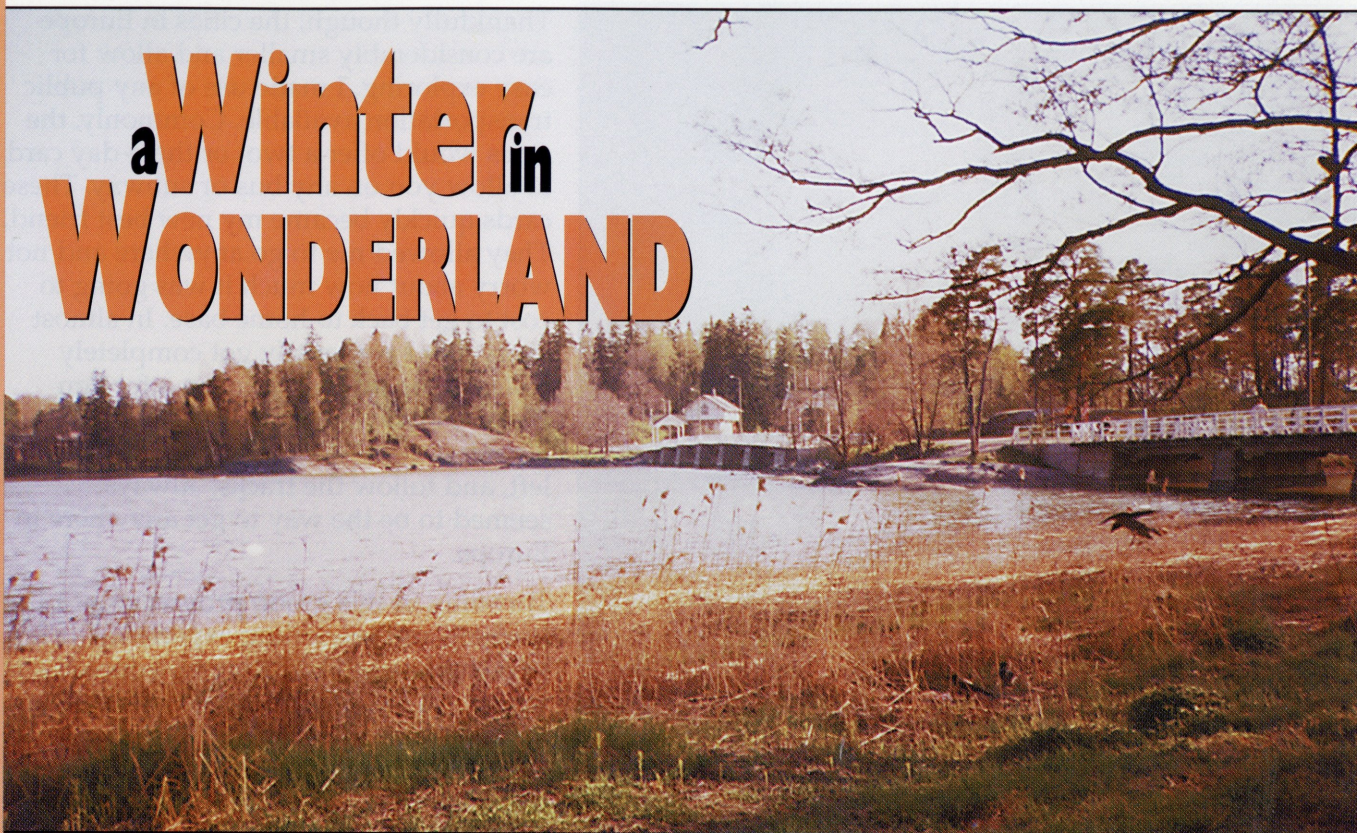


*Photos
provided
by
David
Noblett*

Above:
Students visited the
Vigeland Sculpture Garden
in Oslo, Norway.

Left: Townspeople
from Jonkoping, Sweden
polka in the town square.

a Winter in WONDERLAND



Jessica Closser, senior history major, spent the 1999 spring semester studying in Finland. While there, she was able to visit several prominent cities and explore the Arctic Circle.

By Jessica Closser

It started out pretty badly. First there was trying to find the bus station (there wasn't one, no wonder I couldn't find it), then there was the dark (all eighteen hours of it), and finally, I contracted a cold my first weekend there. I've had trips start out better, I know that. It did get better.

My time in Finland was much better once my courses started. I had a week of orientation the first week I was in the country, but I had two weeks off between the orientation program and my first lecture. During that time, I learned to shop, how to ride the bus, how to call a cab, and how to find the closest pub. (The last was accidental. I was told I was going to a meeting; it was really a party disguised as an organizational meeting.)

I had two lectures that started at the end of January. In one of these I met an American woman named Elena. God bless her. She had been living in Finland for ten years, and she helped me more than anyone I met. Thanks to



Jessica Closser

her, I was introduced to several Finnish families who fed me traditional Finnish food, forced me to learn some basic Finnish phrases, and taught me how to use the train system.

She and I also explored the Arctic Circle. She had been several times because she had once lived in Rovaniemi, the most important city near or above the arctic line anywhere in Scandinavia, or so they told me.

It was interesting to compare notes on being a foreigner with someone who had been one for a while. I also met two American women who were married to Finns, an American working in Finland as a corporate lawyer, and one British woman who taught at an English-speaking elementary school in Finland.

The experience was amazing.

It is first terrifying and later a crutch to be a foreigner. It finally becomes amusing to be able to get away with practically anything because you are a foreigner. I tried not to do anything

offensive intentionally, but you will always do something offensive if you are a foreigner long enough. At first, I often had problems because I have fair skin and hair, and many thought I was a Finn being rude. When they learned I was an American, most would smile benignly and say, "Oh, you're a foreigner." I was forgiven everything. I think I could have insulted everyone in the family, and they would have smiled and forgiven me. I never tried it, though.

Not only are the people forgiving, they are also polite and kind. Once you learn the Golden Rule of Finnish manners, the whole system is unbelievably simple. The rule is Thou Shalt Not Impose Thyself on Thy Neighbor. Very simple, huh? You don't carry on small talk because that forces another to leave his thoughts. You do not ask yourself over for dinner, etc. You do not expect the other person to ignore a phone call to talk to you.

Finns were not the only people I met in Finland. I talked to many other foreigners who were equally impressed with the people and country itself. While I was there, I had the opportunity to see Finland in its winter state. I was walking around in late March singing "Winter Wonderland." The Finns have plenty of snow (for much of the time I was there it measured between three and four feet), but paths are kept clear so that it is possible to go anywhere, anytime.

I also experienced the thaw and the emerging spring. It was simply amazing to watch the country go from sheer white to a plethora of colors. I was constantly discovering things as the snow melted. I was shocked to discover that some of the streets were cobblestone; I had walked past them every day for three and a half months thinking they were normal, paved roads.

Then the grass began to appear, and the trees began to bud. It was a wondrous feeling. The sun was also shining longer. I felt a mixture of emotions. I knew as the warm weather came that the time was quickly approaching when I would have to leave. I was excited — I loved spring and wanted to share my experiences with my family — and I was disheartened because I knew it was unlikely I would see my friends again. I know that sounds corny,

but it's true. I had spent four months getting to know these people, and knew I would miss them very much.

Four days before my flight, Elena and I went to Helsinki. Some of her friends were coming to Finland to see her. We spent most of the day seeing the sights in Helsinki. That evening we boarded a cruise ship to Tallinn, Estonia. As we were standing in line, Elena was reading a Finnish newspaper. She suddenly laughed, "The paper says the sun rose this morning at 4:15 in the northernmost part of Finland, and it won't go down until the end of August!" The date was May 17.

Tallinn is a gorgeous city, but that is not the focus of my story. I will suffice it to say that I would recommend it to anyone who is remotely interested in medieval anything. The next day, Elena left with her friends for the Arctic Circle. I stayed in the city and saw some of the buildings and ate Finnish pizza, an essay unto itself. In consistency, it is similar to frozen pizza one could get at a Wal-Mart.

That night was my last in the country. I went to bed early (I had to meet the bus to the airport at 5:30) but didn't go to sleep immediately. I lay in my bed in the hostel listening to the sound of some Finns talking outside my door. For the first time it registered that in fewer than twelve hours I may never hear that sound again, except on the CD I had purchased. It was an incredible feeling; one only another former foreigner could ever understand. I had been exposed to Finland for almost five months. I knew how to shop, how to bank, and how to hurt when I left. ○



Thick snow remains on the information building in Jyväskylä in March.

Central America

A Land of



Hope
&



Heartache

Three journalists from The Chart, including senior communications major Eric Gruber, took a trip to Central America for two weeks in August as part of Missouri Southern's Latin America Semester.

By Eric Gruber

I often thank my lucky stars I made Missouri Southern State College my higher education institute of choice. Through my experience at Southern, I've had the wonderful experience of being able to travel to five different countries.

The first country was Paris, France, where I attended an international media seminar in March. In August, I went to Central America for two weeks to write about Latin America for a special supplement in the school newspaper, *The Chart*.

My experiences at Southern has taken me from being a small-town guy with big dreams to a bigger-city (at least a little bigger) guy with big visions. It was a great feeling when I began to become more open and receptive to other cultures, ideas, and ways of life.

Being in Central America and writing from a journalistic perspective gave me a greater insight than a traditional tourist. I was constantly on the lookout for anything to write about, whatever crossed my path, taking advantage of real life to share it with anyone who would read what I had

to say. So I thought I'd give a little insight on my perspective on Central America, country by country.

• **Panama City, Panama** — There was always a misconception drilled into my head that Panama City was some great party town, full of entertainment all night long flowing into the streets until the early morning.

Unfortunately, the first sign of civilization outside of the airport was a man urinating by the side of the road, on 16th century ruins of the first Panama City. The taxi cab driver was on the brink of insanity, driving a small minivan on narrow streets at high speeds. I found myself coughing from the exhaust of the cars which would surely be in violation of environmental laws back in the states.

I was a little more than disappointed on the influence of the United States in Panama. Although it was interesting to see icons such as McDonald's, Marlboro, and Coke in the city, I was really hoping for some authentic Panamanian food, song, dance ...anything. But in the end I was left with eating Mexican food topped off with Häagen-Dazs.

Oh yeah, the music — I heard Jennifer Lopez, Ricky Martin, and Julio Iglesias. Not exactly

separated from American music (or is it vice versa?). I think it's good the United States is leaving there and giving the Canal to the Panamanian people. Maybe the North American presence there is too great. No matter though, I know we're leaving the Canal in very capable hands.

Overall, Panama was a great introduction to Central America. It showed me I should have paid more attention in Spanish class, and that any stereotypes which I had previously conceived were destined to be broken as I continued my travels.

• **San Jose, Costa Rica** — San Jose boasts of the highest vehicle-pedestrian related accidents in all of Central America. A great accomplishment, I'm sure, but not one I was wanting to be a part of. The city itself was wonderful, the night coming alive with the fall of the sun, with street vendors on every corner selling food, fruit, and other items.

The real treat was traveling to a rain forest and seeing nature in its purist form. It was upsetting to hear stories of loggers destroying primary rain forests, all in the pursuit of the mighty dollar (or whatever currency in whatever country).

On a 15 km hike through the rain forest, I was taken to an outstanding waterfall where the rush of the mighty liquid fell as hard as being shot out of a fire truck. I stood underneath it and let the water douse my entire body, with my arms outstretched, taking all of it in. It was there I felt the most primal, the most in touch with nature that I have ever been. It was here I realized how careless I was with my environment, and that there needed to be a personal change.

I also learned that simple things can be very enjoyable. Who needs the Internet, when there's the sound of birds at dusk? Who needs TV when there is the night sky, void of any lights from the city? Who really needs electricity, when you have candles? If there's one thing about the rain forest, it's definitely Y2K compliant.

• **Managua, Nicaragua** — Upon my arrival to this city, I received a giant slap in the face. The people have lived with several natural disasters, including an earthquake which ripped the city into shambles more than 25 years ago, and Hurricane Mitch last year. The latter of



The real treat was traveling to a rain forest and seeing nature in its purist form.



Above: Eric Gruber rides a horse through the Costa Rican rain forest.

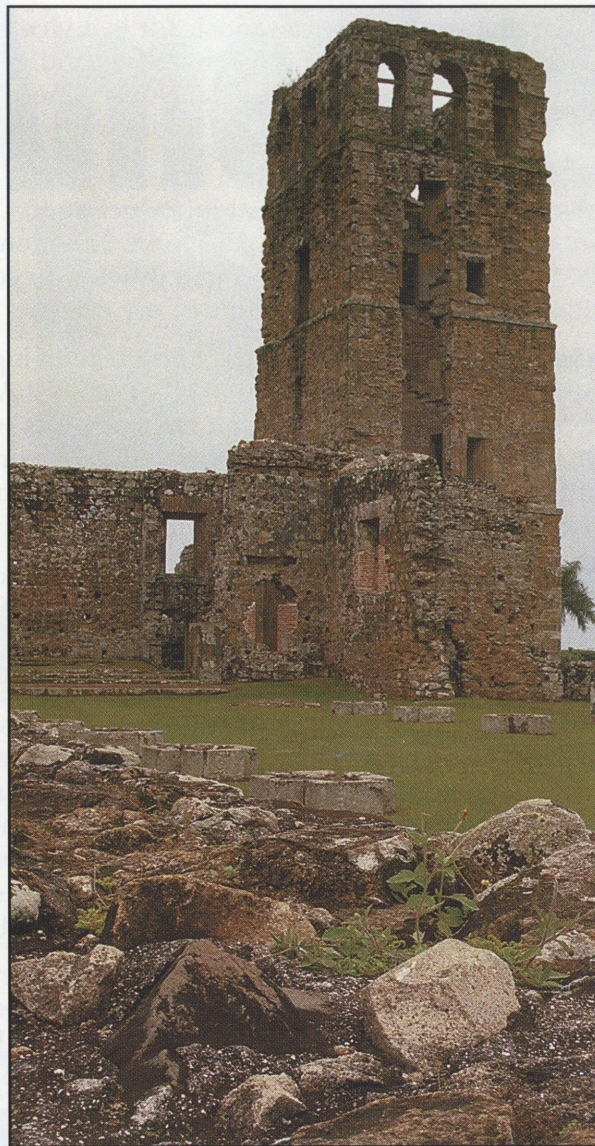
Right: Gruber rests in the river after spending eight hours hiking in the rain forest.

*Photos provided by
Noppadol Paothong*



Above: An elderly woman in Honduras sits on a city sidewalk.

Above Right: This building is a remnant of the earliest Panamanian settlement built in 1519.



the two left many of the people homeless, and the casualties high.

The city is filled with people selling anything to make a living, anything to get money to provide for families and needs. The more I looked at the people, the more I saw how each person's life was, the more I truly began to appreciate what I do have.

A visit to Nueva Vida, a refugee camp outside Managua, encompasses all that is wrong with the Nicaraguan government. After many interviews with the camp's inhabitants, they begin to sound like a broken record. They tell of how the government hordes the supplies given by foreign governments and are stingy with distributing them to the people. I wish I could help them all, but I simply listen and write.

• **Tegucigalpa, Honduras** — This is an interesting city. Being told to watch out for thieves and characters of the like, it made for initial paranoia of

everyone I came in contact with. But, after walking around the market area and getting a feel for the people and the city, it was clear that a good head on the old shoulders and caution in all situations make for an interesting experience.

Local musicians and artists are entertaining the crowd with a call to beautify the city. Two rows of 20 men sit shining shoes for all paying customers needing a quick shine. Seeing how Latin America is 90 percent Catholic, it's not surprising there are ornate churches within walking distance of everywhere.

A stop into a bakery provides a great pastry treat, and a walk among the shops provide for some relatively inexpensive shopping of hand-crafted Honduran goods.

Of course, there was that pesky language barrier, but perseverance and a great deal of hand signals usually got the job done. As least I got that Mayan mask I was eyeballing.



In conclusion, there was a great deal of things I learned from my trip to Central America, but mainly I learned lessons about myself.

I discovered I must *truly* appreciate what I have, because there are so many more everywhere in the world who don't have what I have.

Also, I learned that I have to share more of what is mine with others. There's no point in me having or doing anything, if I can't help someone else.

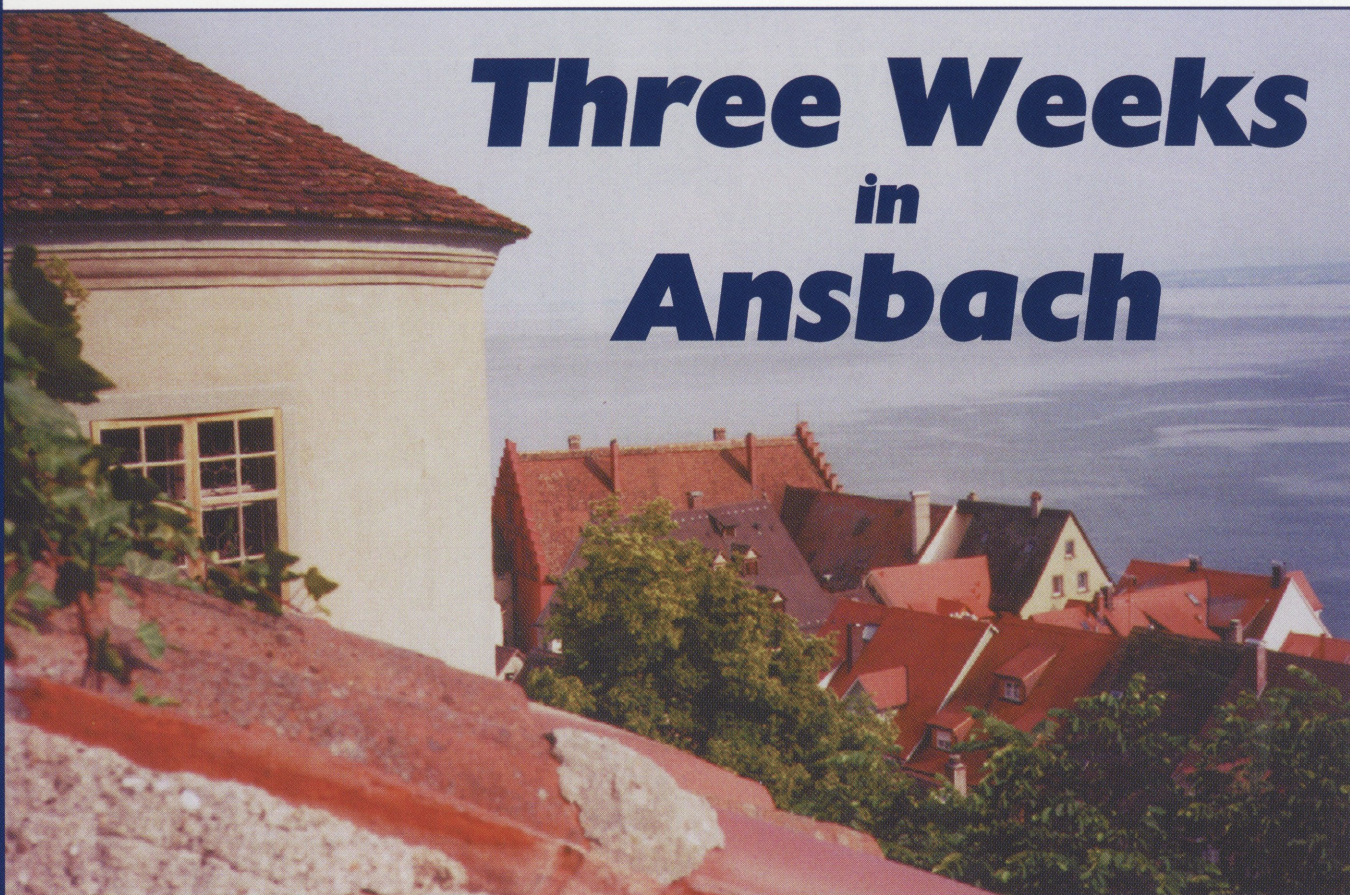
Finally, I learned no matter what, stereotypes will be broken. After the misconceptions are broken down, and after those barriers are deconstructed, then a person can truly get to know a people, or a person, for who they really are. ○

Above: Only 25 percent of children in Nicaragua can afford to attend school, so many of them sit on the streets and beg for money.

Below: The Mercado Central in San Jose, Costa Rica offers visitors and residents a wide selection of handicrafts.



Three Weeks in Ansbach



On May 25, senior Accounting/German major Mariam Stone, along with six students and two faculty members, left Joplin to study for three weeks in Ansbach, Germany. The group also toured southern Germany, Austria, Italy, Prague, and Berlin.

Stone learns lesson in perceptions

By Mariam Stone

In the past few years, interest in the German language has begun to take off at Missouri Southern. My first semester of studying German here, there were only six students in my class. Now, I am in an upper-division course with eight other students, and the lower-division courses have increased enrollment as well. This year more courses have been added to meet the growing number of students interested in German.

What has kept me most interested in studying the German language and culture is the time I spent actually visiting and experiencing Germany. I may not have been there long, but now I am more determined than ever to better understand a culture other than my own.

I believe that the trip to Germany sponsored by



Mariam Stone

the College is the best way to fully understand what cannot be learned in a classroom.

Seven students and two German professors left for Germany in late May of this past summer.

This trip wasn't just a vacation; it was for College credit. To do this, classes had to be held for three weeks on a campus in Germany. After the third week, there was a tour of Germany and Austria in which many points of interest were visited.

For the first three weeks the group stayed in Ansbach in southern Germany. They roomed at the Landezfinanceschule, and studied at the Fachhochschule. Each morning during the week classes were taught by Dr. Sabine Cramer and Dr. Markus Muller. We learned grammar, vocabulary, and culture. It was just like a normal course, with homework, reading, quizzes, tests,



Above: The group saw the birthplace of Wolfgang Mozart while in Salzburg, Austria.

Below: Another site the group visited was the famous Neuschwanstein Castle in southern Germany.

and even a final exam. A few field assignments were given where we had to go out into the city and research a certain topic.

On the weekends the students were free to travel to other cities. There were two short weekends and one long weekend. The short weekends were spent traveling to nearby cities such as Wurtzburg and Rothenburg. The long weekend students went to Italy, Prague, and Berlin.

After a long last week in class, and taking a final exam, the students left Ansbach to visit southern Germany and Austria. During this last week so much of Germany's and Austria's beauty was seen. We scaled a mountain in the Alps, chased butterflies on a sub-tropical island, gasped at the sight of Castle Neuschwanstein's splendor, and ate bratwurst at a celebration for the summer solstice. It was a week that had a new experience each and every day.

The experiences with people in the group and the people of Germany are probably the most important of all. Everyone on the trip learned something about another person, and even in return, learned something about him/herself. Talking to a German proved to be an experience every time.

They all had different perceptions of Americans and American culture, as do Americans of Germans. There were times when a German was so excited to meet an American that they would start speaking English back. It was a great feeling, knowing that I was representing my

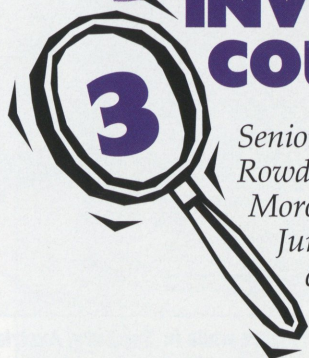


country. I believe the group that went to Germany represented the United States well, and that the trip was a success.

This was the first year such a trip had taken place. I plan on returning next summer and possibly staying for a semester afterward. I genuinely believe this experience has taught me more than all my years in school so far. I took home with me from Germany a better understanding of the language and culture, new friends, wonderful memories, and renewed aspirations for the future. ○

Criminal Justice

INVESTIGATES countries



Senior criminal justice major Rowdy Pyle traveled to Spain, Morocco, and England this June with several other criminal justice majors. The group studied the legal system in all three countries.



While in Spain, Pyle and other group members witnessed a bullfight in an arena. Here, the matador has come out to finish killing the bull.

By Rowdy Pyle

Sometimes one wonders, how do other people in the world act? How are their cultures different than ours? How are their laws different from ours? What is it like to be in a different part of the world?

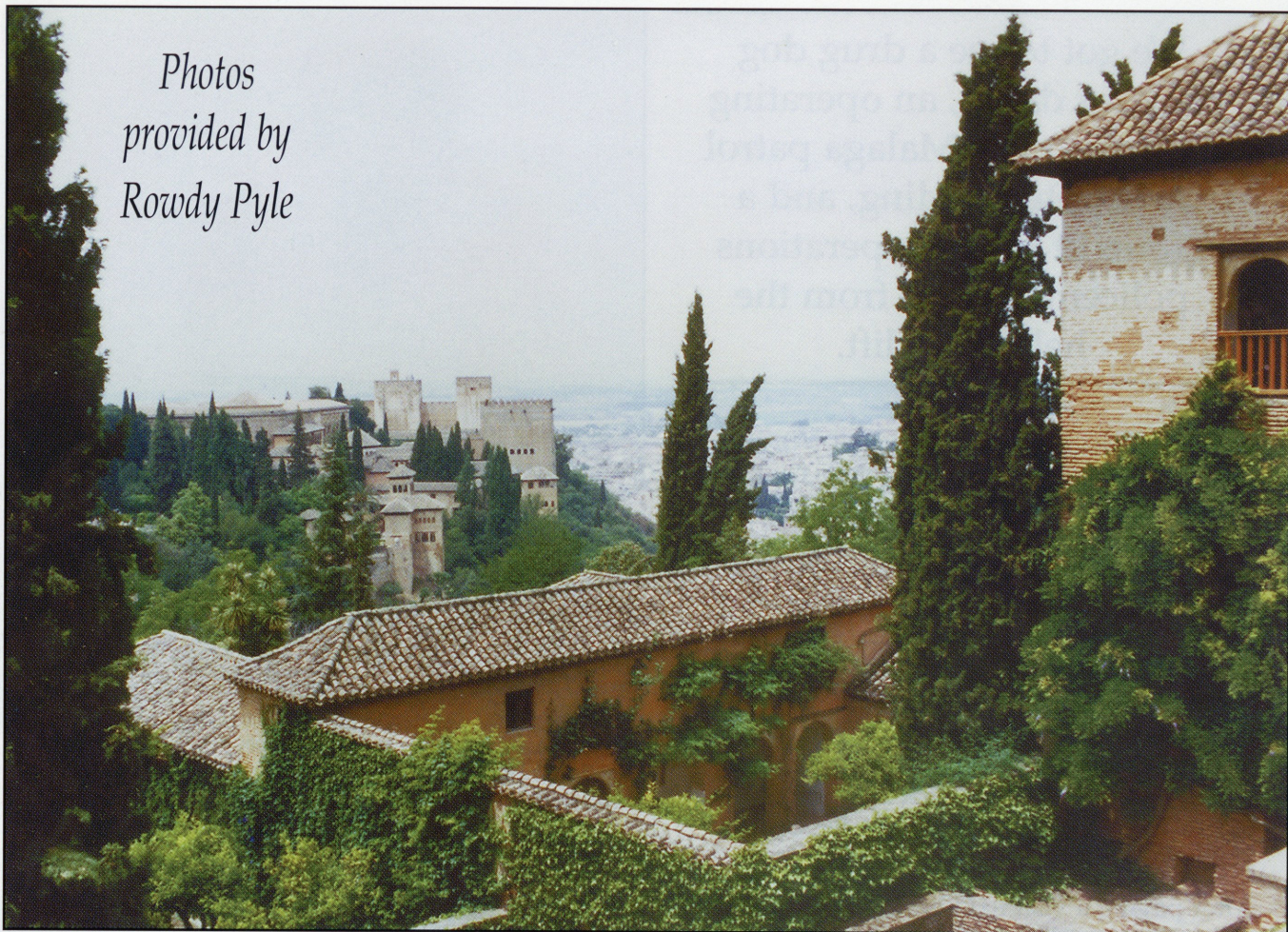
These are questions that I asked myself about other "far off" places in the world. I had always been intrigued by what it would actually be like to be in a different part of the world other than the "good old" United States. I hoped for and then received this wish when I received a grant enabling me to travel to Europe to study the culture and criminal justice systems of England, Spain, and Morocco. While overseas, I experienced many different and interesting aspects about life in Europe and Northern Africa. I also experienced some things that shocked me. I did, however, reach all of the goals that I set for myself on this trip.

The country of Spain surprised, shocked, and interested me in many ways.

The country of Spain surprised, shocked, and interested me in many ways. The first assumption that I made about Spain was totally incorrect. I had assumed it would be a lot like Mexico, but was very wrong. Spain seemed to be a very forward moving country. It is a country with all the modern conveniences that we had here in the U.S. The only thing they did not have enough of were places that took credit cards!

The first day in Torremolinos, Spain, we went to a police station and a Spanish court. The police station was, to me, a small and cramped station. It also seemed to be under funded. Their versions of a "911" system and the dispatching system are very outdated. The offices seemed to be small and there was a definite lack of computers in the facilities as a whole. Another thing that I noticed was that the police cars they used were very

*Photos
provided by
Rowdy Pyle*



small, economy cars due to the smaller and crowded streets.

The city (Torremolinos) is the birthplace of Pablo Picasso. It is situated in a bay with mountains all around and the Mediterranean Sea to the south. It was interesting to observe the ritual of "siesta" from 2 - 4 p.m. in Spain because at that time nearly every store or restaurant shuts down for a time of rest.

While in Spain we witnessed something that we could not see in the United States: a bull fight. This was one aspect of Spanish culture I was hoping to witness. It was very interesting to watch, but also kind of cruel.

It seems unfair that several individuals come and wear down the bull before the matador comes in to kill the animal. Though the fighting was almost sad it is a very memorable part of our experience in Spain.

We visited the Malaga
"state" police department.

...I found this to be the most interesting
professional visit we had.



Pyle, left front, enjoys eating at a restaurant in Spain with several other students and alumni.

We got to see a drug dog look for drugs, an operating bomb robot, a Malaga patrol helicopter landing, and a group of special operations policemen repel from the helicopter lift.

We visited the Malaga "state" police department one morning to examine their facilities which I found to be the most interesting professional visit we had. While at the station we saw many demonstrations on interesting topics. We got to see a drug dog look for drugs, an operating bomb robot, a Malaga patrol helicopter landing, and a group of special operations policemen repel from the helicopter lift. Later we attended a video and lecture session concerning drugs and terrorism in Spain, and found that Spain has many of the problems we deal with in the United States.

After paying a visit to Gibraltar, we went just eight miles south to Morocco which was a severe culture shock for many of us. Morocco is one of the most different places I have ever visited. The country is governed by Islamic law, which was evident as we entered the country and our passports were checked by police. There seemed to be a police presence around every corner, even our group was protected by a police officer in plain cloths. The city of Tangier, where we stayed, had numerous mosques with high pillars, the streets also seemed dirtier with merchants lining the streets of the downtown area. While in Morocco we visited with a lawyer who explained the country has a Supreme Court system which includes three lower courts. After spending time in Morocco it was nice to move onto London which offers all the conveniences of the United States.

While in London, we discovered several new aspects concerning law and government, even in a culture so similar to ours. We visited many different places including the New Scotland Yard where the London Metropolitan police have their headquarters. While here, we had a lecture on how they perform everyday operations. The metro police are a very



One of the main attractions for the group while visiting the Rock of Gibraltar was seeing several different species of monkeys like the one shown above.



Shown is a police station in Morocco. Pyle says his group needed police protection while they were traveling in that country.

diversified group of professionals. They have much of the same special units and investigative units as the United States. However, in England, patrol officers do not carry guns. I personally could not imagine an officer in the States without a gun. The police departments are also not divided into individual units as we know them in the States. All departments are controlled through the English Home Office.

While in London, we had the opportunity to visit the Tower of London, which is a castle/fortress that dates back to the Norman conquests of England and houses the crown jewels. We also witnessed a theater production of Phantom of the Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was an impressive production with amazing set, props, and sound.

Later, we visited the Old Bailey Court House in London. Here we sat in on an actual court room and listened to a lecture on England's laws and trial system. We were told treason and piracy are the only two crimes which can receive the death penalty in England. During trials there three judges are presiding along with a jury.

During this trip I wanted to travel to Europe and experience what the people, cultures, and laws were like and I was able to accomplish those goals.

This was an experience I will remember for the rest of my life and I would do it again if given the chance. ○

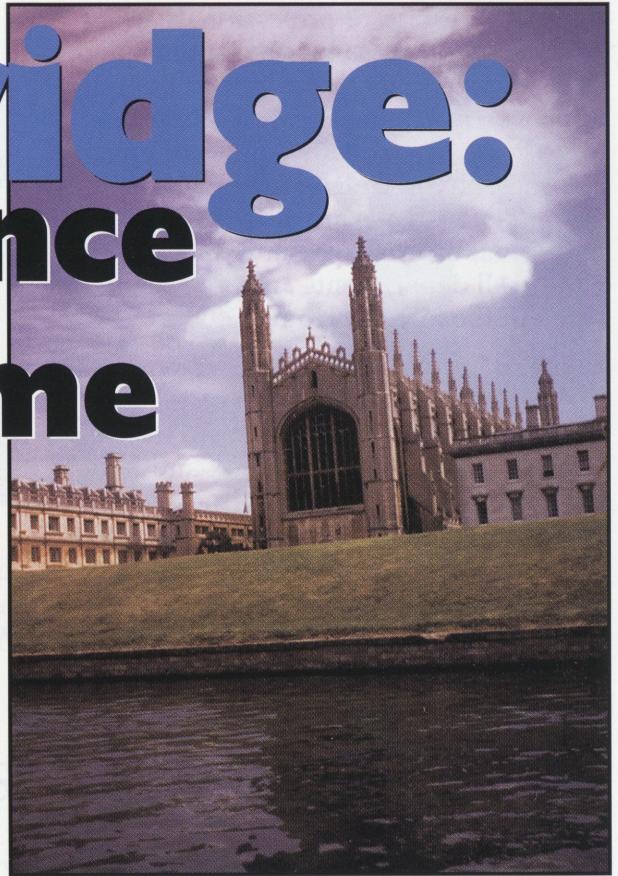


Above: Students walk down the streets of London with St. Paul's Cathedral in the background. Below: All of the travelers pose on a bridge over the Thames River with the English Parliament Buildings behind them.



Cambridge: Experience of a Lifetime

Senior math education major April Maciel and senior management major LaShall Crane studied at Cambridge University in Cambridge, England this summer during two of the four Cambridge trips Missouri Southern offered.



City's history, culture hooks Maciel

By April Maciel

Do you want an experience of a lifetime? This past summer, I had the opportunity to attend Missouri Southern's study abroad program in Cambridge, England.

Four other Southern students and I attended classes at Selwyn College at Cambridge University. This was my first time overseas and my first time to be consumed by so many different cultures.

There were 100+ students in our summer school program, but more than 28 different countries represented. Upon my arrival in Cambridge, I was completely astonished by the difference in culture of a country that shared the same language and background as our own. Even simple communication was an interesting, but enjoyable challenge.

My first intention in attending the study abroad program was to see the world (or at least Europe), and I had planned several excursions to explore as many different historical sites as I could pack into two weeks.

I shamefully admit, I even planned to skip some classes. How could one be surrounded by so much beauty and intrigue and be expected to attend class? Simple. The classes themselves were a perfect blend of intellectual utopia, mind-stimulating discussions, and a perspective of the world most Americans have never encountered.

I was hooked. I was opened to a world of not only recognizing different cultures but knowing the individuals in those cultures. A personal relationship now connects me to the world I only thought I knew and opened my mind to endless possibilities. The University of Cambridge is an actual city with 31 different colleges. The oldest of which dates back to 1209 A.D. Each college focuses on specific areas of study. The town of

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Above: Maciel is punting down the Cam, a river that flows through the center of the city of Cambridge.

Cambridge has a history that dates back to the First Century. An average day's stroll becomes a walk through 2000 years of history.

Cambridge also has a large tourist industry that makes for easy accessibility for anyone. One of the more popular tourist attractions, and my personal favorite, was punting down the Cam. The Cam is a shallow, slow-moving river that splits the center of the city. Punting is a form of canoeing, but with a long wooden pole to guide the boat.

One may choose to have a punting guide or take life into his/her own hands. Either way, the river provides the stage for much entertainment (I provided most of it).

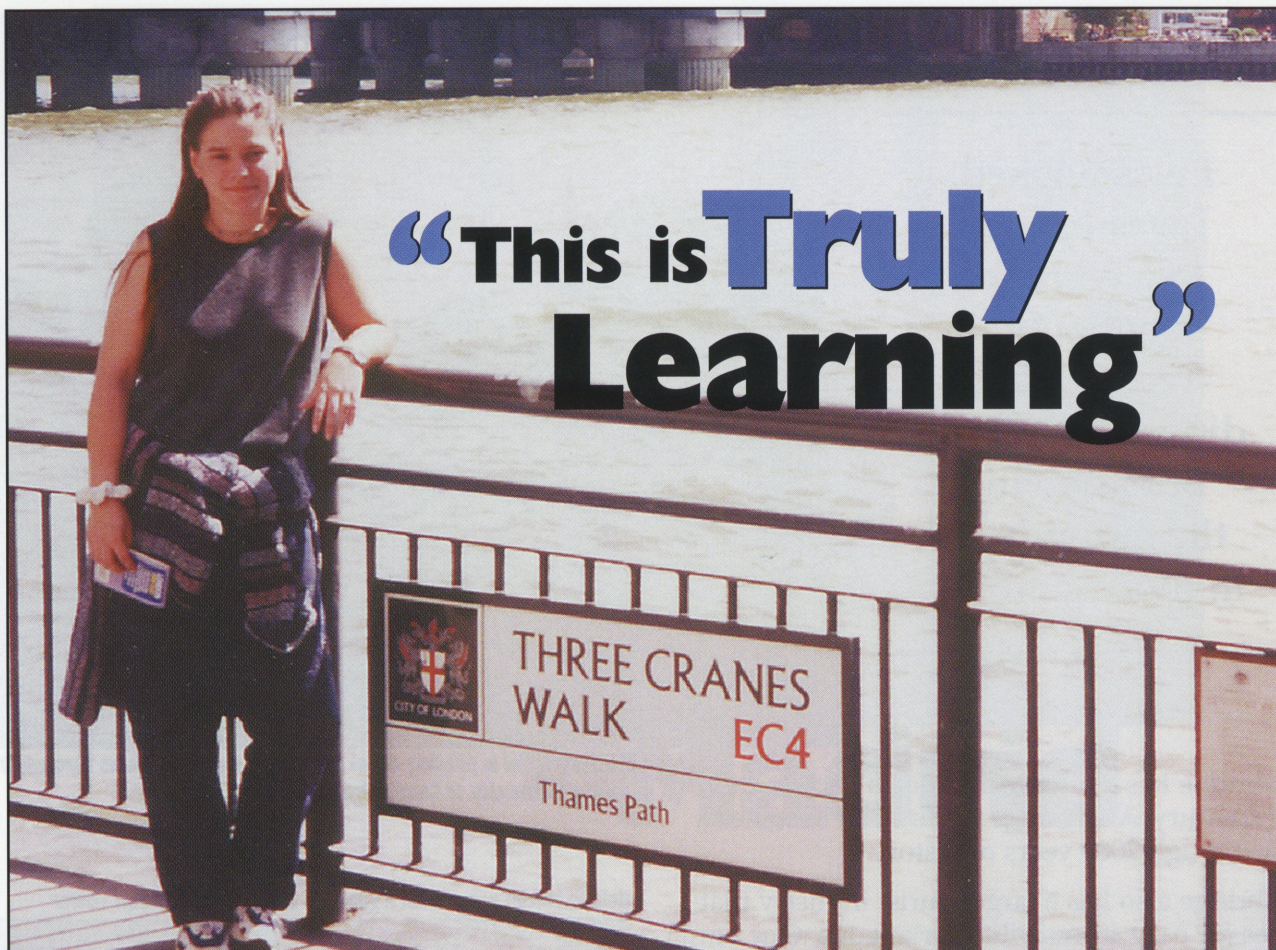
Other attractions I visited were King's College, Ely Cathedral, and of course, the city of London. I could devote pages to the adventures that lay before one in London, but I won't. I will only say, I plan on moving to London within the next three years.

I cannot begin to put into words the emotional changes that also resulted from my experience at Cambridge. To be able to learn and draw from so many different views of life caused me to re-evaluate my goals, opinions, and philosophy.

I now have a passion for learning that stirs my soul and a vision of what I may become. A true passion for life and those who live in it have produced a new outlook for me and hopefully everyone I come in contact with. ○

Below: Maciel poses with a guard in front of the London Tower





“This is Truly Learning”

By LaShall Crane

Missouri Southern State College offers numerous chances to its students to travel abroad and study. These chances are something that the people that I met at Cambridge come back year after year for; something that we can do with help from our college.

There were people at Cambridge from all walks of life. Some had been attending the University's summer school for the past 14 years or more. These people have a hunger to learn and to be exposed to new ideas. This added a great deal to the learning experience.

The chance to study about another country in that country is exciting. It allows you to not only learn about the people and customs, but to actually see what goes on and how it differs from what we grew up with: this is truly learning. The things you experience in a foreign country you will never forget. Learning first-hand is the best way and what better way then to be there.

What could be a better form of immersion than to go to the actual place and live for a while?

The professors at the University of Cambridge were accustomed to the differences in the students that attended their classes. There were people from all nationalities and walks of life, which made the classes interesting. The professors allowed one the chance to express his/her ideas, which led to the intermingling of foreign cultures and ideas. Thus I was able to experience first hand the mindset of people from Japan, Australia, Ireland, and England.

Even visiting an English-speaking country is an adventure both in language and culture. The English were at first hard for the American students to understand. However, the English had problems understanding Americans also. They would say that we spoke our letters too harshly. After a while you get use to the new words, and even bring some of them back to the States. Their culture seemed very similar to our own, but with several noticeable differences. For example: there were very few no smoking areas. Unlike the United States, people in Europe



Above: This is the main court at Cambridge's Clare College.

Below: Pictured is the side entrance to King's College Chapel.



smoke everywhere. The English McDonald's restaurants still use Styrofoam containers to serve their Big Macs in. There seemed to be a lack of grocery stores and discount stores, a.k.a. no Wal-Mart Supercenters. The chance to shop in an open market was an experience, as was the opportunity to shop in four-story stores housed in buildings hundreds of years old. However, nothing can compare to an English breakfast ham, sausage, eggs, toast, stewed tomatoes, mushrooms, beans, hash-browns, and hot tea. We looked forward to breakfast every morning — it was unbelievably delicious!

Not only did my friends and I study at Cambridge, but we also were able to stay a few days in London and Bath. The chance to see more of England than the University allowed us to see some of the historical sights and treasure our overseas experience. Now that I am back in the United States and attending classes at MSSC, I notice things that I saw in England, like Westminster and the museums, are mentioned in my classes. It is a thrill to come across something in reading that refers to a place in England and to think, "I've been there, done that, and I got the T-shirt."

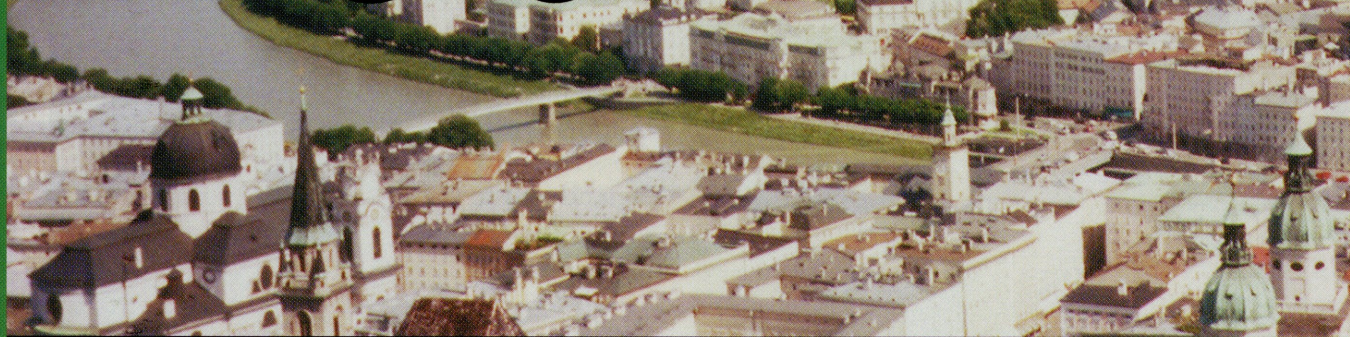
Take advantage of all the opportunities that MSSC has to offer! You are here to learn and the college wants to offer you every chance possible. The ability to experience learning outside the realm of what studying here at MSSC has to offer will help you in the future adapt to the pace of the "real world."

With the international expansion of businesses and the intermingling of all nationalities, an experience abroad will help you to better handle the situations that these things present. MSSC not only wants

you to learn in the classroom, the faculty also wants you to think for yourself and expand your horizons. Whether this means attending a lecture, spending a summer to a year in a foreign country, or interning for a local company, go for it. It is the chance of a lifetime!!! ○

*Photos by
LaShall Crane,
Christin Mathis,
& Larry Nichols*

AUSTRIA



On May 23, 1999, 50 students and faculty members from the Missouri Southern Chamber Choir embarked on a trip to Vienna, Austria. They also visited several other European cities, including Budapest, Hungary.

Tour offers insight into heart, music

By Cassie Hombs

There is no other city more magical than that of Vienna, no other continent more mysterious than that of Europe. It is another world in itself. Another lifestyle, another lifetime. If given the opportunity, many would easily choose a popular tourist attraction than to take the time to discover the history of the musical world as we know it. But thanks to Missouri Southern, 50 music students became a little wiser last summer, a little more knowledgeable about the history of their world.

Others will never know what it's like. They could never understand what it means to stand still, holding their breath in what was once Beethoven's room. They can't grasp the importance of seeing the grave of Mozart, or walking

down the sidewalk in a town where no one knows what they're saying or where they're from. All they can understand is the universal language of peaceful tears in a person's eyes when they hear the most beautiful music of all. These students, some of Southern's finest, have finally found the peaceful solemnness of knowing where their roots lay. They have at last answered their own questions about where the beauty in the world really lies. And they have finally found an answer to that quiet, continuous music they hear in their minds—music others don't listen to and don't understand. Thanks to Missouri Southern, 50 musicians left Europe with a peace in their hearts they would have never found.

When the Missouri Southern State College Chamber Choir had an opportunity to travel to Europe, I was ecstatic. There was no way I was going to miss this trip. As a person who never

feels at home anywhere she stays, and who prefers to live life out of a suitcase, I understood what this trip meant.

It was the opportunity of a lifetime — to see the other side of the world in person, not reading about it in a book. I was able to see first hand where the founding fathers of music lived and worked, and perhaps most importantly, to see and understand another way of life.

We left America on the 23rd of May. After being late for the bus (yes, I confess) I had made it in time to catch the “but-it’s-still-dark-out” drive to Tulsa. There were about 50 of us. Six sponsors, and forty-plus musicians with bags under our eyes. Most of the group consisted of music majors — performers searching inside themselves to find the answers to why they were seduced by music. These had been the “band kids” in high school, the ones who held special God-given talents and gifts. The ones who had made it their life’s mission to find peace and resolution in their music.

Upon arrival at the airport, we boarded a plane headed for Atlanta. We couldn’t have been a more hypocritical group — acting like mature adults on the outside, but screaming like kids with anticipation within.

Finally, after what seemed like all day at the Atlanta airport, we boarded a plane to take us to Switzerland. It was a long, drawn-out flight, lasting over 10 hours. We were literally chasing the sun across the world. Another plane awaited us in Switzerland. But when we finally finished our air travel and stepped onto Europe’s soil, every bit of discomfort we had experienced was worth it.

We arrived in Vienna, Austria, exhausted, hot and fussy, but grateful to be there. It was early in the day, and we realized that, although we were tired, we would have to spend the rest of the day awake. We would find that by the time our heads reached our pillows that night, some of us would have been awake for over 30 hours straight.

We met our tour guide for the trip, Oliver Barosche, at the airport. At first, I think most of us must have thought it was a joke. This guy didn’t look a day over 21. He dressed with an unusually shiny flair (looking back, it may have been original Viennese style) and had a certain Ace Ventura-esque quality to his hair — to which some jokesters in the group grew to emulate.

Nonetheless, our group formed a bond with this foreign stranger who protected us like his own children.

Oliver was actually 27, and had lived in Vienna most of his life. He had visited America once (granted New York City isn’t much like Joplin) but was confident he could blend in with our tour. And he did. I’ll never forget the memories of him playing word games with us on the bus and passing on words he didn’t know— everyday phrases to us. And I’ll always remember the night he walked me downstairs to the bar of the hotel in my pajamas so I could buy a coke. Back in the room, he camped out with us, letting me give him and Dirk Myers facials, and posing for Blake Deardorff’s elusive video camera.

The meals at our hotels were memorable. I had never eaten bread and soup with every meal. But we learned to savor our food (we didn’t eat much) and our sleep (we didn’t get much), and remembered to have fun as a group American-style when we could (how many people can you fit in an 8 x 8 sauna?)

The bus rides were long, but seeing the cities made it worth it. Oliver knew

many parts of Austria like the back of his hand, and we had several amazing days just walking around the cities sightseeing.

Lindsay Adams, Alison Wright, Heather Donnell and I would often escape from the group in the afternoons, shopping in Austria’s hidden stores. My friend J.C. Harsh and I, arms wrapped around each others shoulders, would take off, hunting down the sandwich shops with the wheat emblems on the front.

“That’s where the cheap sandwiches are!” he would say. And boy, did we need it. I learned first hand how expensive traveling is. I remember listening to Matt Britt explain the monetary differences between American and European money. And everyone turned to Cory Gasparich for wisdom — after all, he had taken a little bit of German, and could translate bits when Oliver wasn’t around.

We visited other towns as well as Vienna. Although we stayed primarily in Austria, we traveled to Budapest, Graz, Salzburg, Innsbruck and Munich, briefly touching in the impoverished country of Hungary and historical Germany. Not understanding a thing, we were blindly led into



St. Stephens Cathedral in Vienna

these unknown worlds by our fearless leader, Mr. Bud Clark, who, to the amusement of the group, picked up survivalist tidbits of German along the way.

I remember one solitary evening in Budapest, sitting outside on the balcony of my room, writing a heartfelt letter to a friend in Ohio. I wanted him to be able to understand everything I was feeling right then. I wanted to be able to share the peace and serenity I had begun to find in this foreign land.

Some of us grew homesick, and some just sick. We peered like children over the balcony of a palace to view the sight of where *The Sound of Music* was filmed. We stared with horror at that palace's dungeon, imagining the cries from prisoners thousands of years ago. We sailed down the Danube River on a small cruise ship one evening, staring at the lights of the beautiful city surrounding us. We wandered through the homes of Beethoven and Mozart, pondering what those very rooms must have sounded like when they were alive.

We absorbed stories of kings and peasants from our patient tour guides and bartered with sidewalk vendors for the perfect gifts to take home. We cried as we toured Dachau—one of the most horrid concentration camps of the Nazi era. For a little over a week, we stepped into the lives of the people we had read about in our history books. We were actually there, and we lived that time in awe and solitude.

We saw everything and sang everywhere. Castles, palaces, restaurants, city streets. People would stop in the middle of city squares and in the pews of cathedrals, listening to our echoing voices sing, and asking Oliver in their foreign tongues who we were.

No one could hide from our music, and there wasn't a dry eye in the group because we

sounded more like angels every time we sang. The last day, our dedicated bus driver who had seen so many groups like us before, broke down in tears, telling us in German how much we had meant to him and had changed his life and the lives of so many others who had listened to us in the past week. As Oliver translated his message to us in broken English, we felt baptized in the fact that we had done what we went to Europe to do...find ourselves and help others find themselves as well.

Never will I forget one of our most cherished songs:

*In my heart's sequestered chambers
Lie truths stripped of poet's gloss
Words alone are vain and vacant
And my heart is mute.*

*In response to aching silence
Memory summons half-heard voices.
And my soul finds primal eloquence
And wraps me in song.*

*If you would comfort me
Sing me a lullaby*

*If you would win my heart
Sing me a love song*

*If you would mourn me and lead me to God
Sing me a requiem
Sing me to heaven.*

With our eyes fixed on his every move, the eyes of our fearless leader would fill with tears as we sang. No one on the trip will ever forget the memories that were made. No one will ever forget the places we stood or the things we saw. I remember every place, from a cobblestone street to the winding staircase leading to music's famous forefathers' homes.

From a museum on a warm afternoon to a restaurant on a stormy night when we sang until the electricity came back on; all the while thinking Never in my life will I forget this moment. I will

never forget my time in the most beautiful, magical corner of the world. And I know the numerous musicians in the southeast corner of campus that I shared it with will never forget, either. ○



Photos provided
by Cassie Hombs

From left to right:
Alison Wright, Heather Donnell,
Cassie Hombs, Sarah Michael,
and Lindsay Adams
eat lunch in an Innsbruck cafe.

Fun -N- French

For one month this summer, six Missouri Southern French students, including senior English major Audrey LeBlanc, traveled to France to study the language in Orleans, France.

LeBlanc learns to *Parler* with the best of them

By Audrey LeBlanc

With the tremendous help of the Institute of International Studies, I was given the opportunity to travel to France and participate in the study abroad program. For the month of July, five other Missouri Southern students and I went to the Faculte de Lettres (one building on the Universite d'Orleans campus) every morning Monday through Friday in our efforts to learn more about the French language, culture, and everyday life.

Of course, whilst the hours in class proved helpful, the experiences outside of class and on various field trips proved themselves to be an important tool in furthering the knowledge and usage of the language I had been studying for so long.

Studying French in the States is one thing, sure, I can conjugate verbs, I know the vocabulary when reading a story in my textbook, but having to leave the classroom and finishing my day speaking, reading, and hearing English didn't make those ideas and phrases "stick."

The comfortable environment of our classroom in France, where the professors and the students



Above: Senior English major Audrey LeBlanc canoes on the Loire River in France.

Below: This is a look at the French town of Annecy with the French Alps in the background.





The famous cathedral Sacre Coeur, which is located by the marketplace in Paris, is pictured here.

understand our struggling phrases was, one thing, leaving it, however, was another. The people on the street, in the stores, at the restaurants—they may have known that we were American, but we still had to communicate by the use of the French language.

So, learning our numbers in French 101 led to counting 32F to pay for the “une baguette avec saucisson et fromage et un coca,” learning about directions in 101-102 led to spending a day in Paris asking, “Ou est le métro?” and getting there.

Finally reading and watching French stories and movies in French 203 and 204 led to understanding signs, maps, brochures, and announcements over speakers and radios.

The summer program in France helped to make the French language more real for me, seeing a sign that says “sortie” actually had the same meaning as “exit” now, when I hear people say “on y va,” I am ready to go.

**I am very glad that
I have experienced
a little bit of France,
met the people, ate the food,
heard the music, shopped,
and visited other sites.**

Without experiencing the French language on a daily basis for more than one hour, I don't feel as though I would remember as much or understand the people or culture as well. Although I studied French in France for a month, I feel that if someone plans on becoming proficient, that a semester abroad would be required.

All in all, I am very glad that I have experienced a little bit of France, met the people, ate the food, heard the music, shopped and visited other cities and sites.

I strongly recommend any program that forces students to use what they have learned, this way they can reinforce what they know, learn something new, or help them to work on what they lack.

This is something I will never forget — even when the photos turn yellow and I plan on returning. In conclusion, I definitely believe that it was all worth it! ○

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